

21 Fitzg. St. W. †

Nov. 23. 15.

My dear Pippa

As far as I can see - you'll have to push me up for the next week end somehow or other weather or no weather. I shall bring chess and some needlework & be very domestic and quite dull.

The photos of my pictures turned out abominably. so I fear they'll be still worse in Land & Water. The show's going about to pay its way which is very wonderful. I was so pleased that the Westminster critic hated it very much. because he's not nearly an outsider who might be right or wrong accordg to the laws of probability but an outsider with a quite unerring instinct for being exactly wrong on any occasion. Nothing gives me greater hope for y week than that.

I promised you one of my original attempts in vers libre so here it is. Quite private please as being outrageously 'lived'. I see that my idea of rhythm is

has almost tumbled back of itself into a
regular form - perhaps you'll think too much so

Are you drinking quantities of
STOUT please.

It looks so horrible and sounds so horrible and
tastes so horrible that I had to write it like
that, but it's oh so good for you - besides it'll
save you to get ill by disobeying them as knows
what's best for you.

Yrs. Popes.

You also got a new Makhamé but it's too
much trouble to write it out so I'll wait.

Altho' you was the Delacri's place that's why I
called the Victoria Hotel - you admit it wasn't
a bad shot.

DUBINS.

GUILDFORD.

Now that the autumn rains have soaked
 And winter wind have shrivelled and dried
 The so miraculous rose
 I who with infinite ^{sadness} longing watched each petal
 Curling and falling
 See now that little by little long ago
 All was accomplished

Now disillusioned eyes can look and see
 The brittle brownness of the ^{slender} little stalk
 That would snap at a touch.

Now I could throw it away at any time
 Or keep ^{it} by me with caring overmuch,
 Which way it might be

So after all these pains here is a new pain
~~An unexpected one~~ One unpredicted
 And no other way to come at painlessness
 But through this one

And here's no thrilling pain no feverishness
 Kindling to fierce life
 But a touch of the skeleton fingers striking
 Ice cold to the heart.